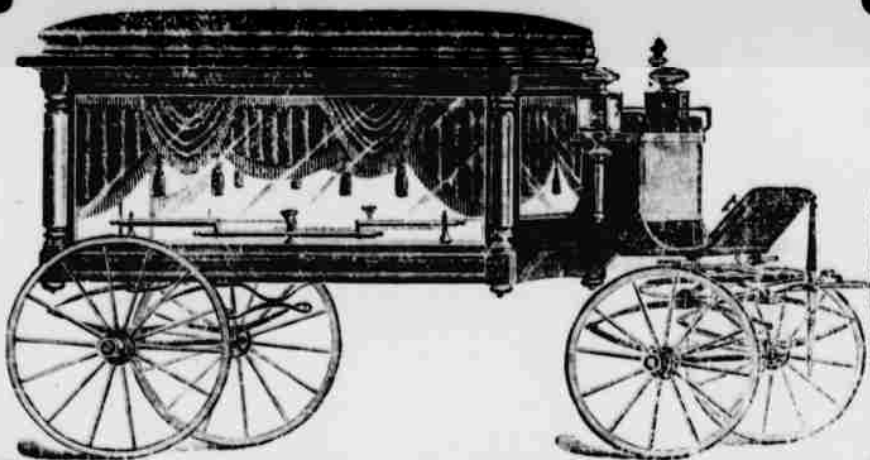


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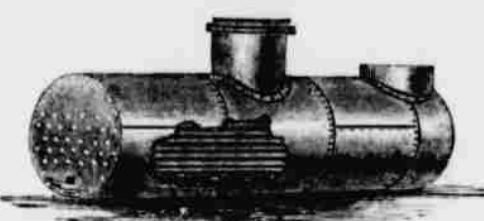
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### EX-Governor Marries Blind Woman.

Newport, R. I., April 1.—One of the most beautiful of modern romances will result in the wedding early this spring when former Gov. L. F. C. Garvin and Miss Sarah Emma Tomlinson are married.

Miss Tomlinson is blind. When a little girl in her teens she was stricken, and the former Governor, a practicing physician, was called to attend her by her family, whom Mr. Garvin had known for years. He became greatly interested in the little sufferer, and continued to take an active part in restoring her sight. When specialists declared that she would always be blind, the former

Governor took her education in hand and sent her to the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Boston. There she received a complete education. Later Mr. Garvin provided for a three-year course in music.

The bride-to-be is now a woman of thirty-three, while the former Governor is sixty-six years old. Their friends say they will be the happiest couple in Rhode Island.

### A Well Known Fact

That no skin disease, whether from internal or external origin, can long withstand the two powerful germicides, ZEMO and ZEMOTONE, they destroy the germs that cause the disease, they always cure. Write for sample. E. W. Rose Med. Co., St. Louis. All Druggists sell it.

## RHEUMATISM CURED.

Druggists Are Filling This Prescription Daily, And Sufferers Are Loud In Its Praise.

Thousands of people all over this country know of Dr. George Edmund Flood and his success in curing Rheumatism; also diseases of the Kidneys and bladder.

For the benefit of our readers we are glad to publish, with Dr. Flood's permission, the prescription for Rheumatism, Kidney or Bladder Troubles which he recommends, and which he is so successfully using in his practice.

It is as follows: Fluid Cascara Aromatic, half ounce; Concentrated Barkola, one ounce; Fluid Extract Prickly Ash Bark, half drachm; Aromatic Elixir four ounces. One teaspoonful of this prescription taken after each meal and one before going to bed, is stated positively by Dr. Flood will produce a shout of satisfaction from any one suffering from Rheumatism or any ailment of the Kidneys or Bladder.

"Don't forget to drink plentifully of pure water" was Dr. Flood's parting advice, and from the remarkable results this successful physician has had it does look as if sufferers from Rheumatism, also Kidney and Bladder Troubles, should not fail to give it a thorough test since druggists right here in our own town can fill the prescription.

For Catarrh let me send you free, just to prove merit, a Trial size Box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. It is a snow white creamy, healing antiseptic balm that gives instant relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Large jars 50 cents. Sold by Haynes & Taylor.

### TRADEWATER.

We are having a slight touch of winter.

Some of the farmers are done breaking corn ground.

Mrs. Eliza Chandler, of Blackford, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Tosh, last week.

Uncle Bird Ashley is visiting his grand daughter, Mrs. Ada Tosh, this week.

Mrs. Lelia Tolley, who has been visiting relatives in this neighborhood for several weeks, returned to her home in Henderson county Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Fox spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Crowell, of this place.

Lev Smith and wife visited B. H. Crowell's family Saturday.

Dr. J. L. Reynolds, of Blackford, visited his brother, Henry Reynolds, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Ollie Crovy and daughter, Miss Tilda, of Iron Hill, visited Miss Mabel Williams Monday evening.

KODOL For Dyspepsia clears the stomach and makes the breath as sweet as a rose. KODOL is Sold by druggists on a guarantee relief plan. It conforms strictly to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by J. H. Orme.

Every family should have a representative newspaper from the metropolis of a State, in addition to the home newspaper. The Louisville Herald is up-to-date in its news service, is clean and bright and meets every requirement. The publisher of this paper has arranged to club THE CRITTENDEN RECORD-PRESS with the Daily Herald and offers the two papers at \$2.00 per year. The special price quoted by The Louisville Herald is for a limited period only. Send in your subscription to us before this splendid offer expires.

### Marriage License

Mark Brown to Addie Vaughn.

H. B. Hoover to Edna May Lynn.

Especially recommended for Piles—that is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by J. H. Orme.

LADIES WANTED—To sell our face bleach. Send 50 cents for \$1 jacket and get our liberal offer to agents.

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Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. The pleasant cold remedy that expels the cold through its action on the bowels. Sold by J. H. Orme.

## HEROES OF THE SEA

CAPTAINS WHO GO DOWN TO DEATH WITH THEIR SHIPS.

Working of the Honor Code in the Deep Sea Fraternity—Noble Examples of "Living the Faith" When a Move to Escape Meant Dishonor.

Tradition, "what is to say" the honor code of the deep sea fraternity, decrees that in event of mortal disaster to a vessel of whatever kind, sail or steam, large or small, the master must be the last person to leave.

From this law, unwritten though it be, no captain is exempt. So stern is it, so inexorable and so jealously upheld, not only by those of the sea, but by landsmen, that where escape is impossible for passengers and crew the commander of a stricken ship stands rigid on the bridge until she sinks, carrying with her, it may be, a score or hundreds of human beings, considering his sacrifice but slight in the face of the alternate of self preservation at a price too great for any man to pay, at the price of worldwide scorn, the averted faces of those who had formerly held him in esteem and the pain of those who had loved him as husband, father, son or brother.

Death and a name written bold on the roll of those who have perished sublimely at sea is infinitely the easier way. Many have found it so. And not a small element of the dignity and nobility which attach to the calling of the ocean is due to that exalted army of martyrs who in the heart of fearful darkness, in the wreck of elemental fury triumphant, have kept the faith unflinchingly, alone, unwatched, unaided—men who in dying have put up a steadfast star which leads far from sordid things and ennobs the credit of mankind.

Annals of the sea record not a few instances of captains who have refused to leave their vessels even after every other human being has been saved. Love of their ships, for which many skippers evince such affection as they bestow upon wife or child, may explain this, or pride or despair, where the master has been at fault, or—oh, ever so many reasons may be advanced.

The captain of a great liner not many years ago, whose boat had met with an accident which seemed likely to bring him before a court of inquiry, was found dead in his cabin when the vessel finally made port. He brought her in safely—and then he died. Apoplexy, they said at first. Later came a rumor that has never been satisfactorily explained away to the effect that this captain died by his own hand. It is not at all unlikely. He had been eminently successful. His pride could not bear up under his first great setback.

Another case of the kind was that of the suicide of Captain Brunswig of the beautiful cruising steamship Prinzessin Victoria Luise after he had run her on the rocks near Port Royal, in the West Indies. The invariable comment of the shipping world has been that the German commander did the only thing possible under the circumstances. Brunswig would probably have lost his certificate, and since steamship companies is a rule prefer to "grow" their own captains and in addition have absolute no use for a skipper with a lost ship against his name poor Brunswig's future must have looked dark to him indeed.

It is far more pleasant to turn to the case of a man who, paradoxically enough, was not a captain, but who is one now if rewards in the next world are meted out in accordance with big, brave things done on the waters of a lower creation—to the case of Chief Officer Paterson of the British King. He left New York in that craft one winter day in 1905, and on the banks great rending waves simply beat in her bow plates. Tons of water flowed in, and before the leak was discovered she was listing seriously. Captain O'Hagan led his men into the hold to shift cargo and thus right the wallowing steamship.

Barrels, boxes, what not, were flying wild, and a case of machinery finally caught the captain against a brace, crushing his leg so that splintered bones were driven out through the skin. He was carried to a lifeboat made ready for launching, and Paterson took command. From his post on the bridge he never moved. Lower and lower drove the British King, and the crew of Belgians, verging on panic, but held by the personality and calm assurance of their new commander, watched him like dogs ready to obey his will. From his post the chief officer signaled the Mannheim and the Bostonian, which were plunging through the riotous waters to the rescue, and he it was that maneuvered his sinking craft so that small boats from the succoring vessels could come alongside. Three boats filled with the British King's men were carried to safety, and as the storm increased, prohibiting further attempts at rescue, the stricken vessel took her long plunge, with Paterson on the bridge blowing a farewell blast upon his mate's whistle.

"Paterson was fine, Paterson was noble," said an officer of the British King brought to New York on the Mannheim. "He was not a captain. But when he took O'Hagan's place he took O'Hagan's responsibilities without a murmur and died as O'Hagan would like to have died." As it was, O'Hagan was the first man by Paterson's express order to be lowered into the rescue boats. He died the day before the Bostonian reached port. The British King was only a freighter. There were no passengers aboard, but Paterson saw his light clear and acted in accordance with it.

Even more dramatic was the death of Captain Deloncle of the ill fated French liner La Bourgogne, rammed and sunk by the Crownprytshire, a sailing vessel, on the banks in the summer of 1898. La Bourgogne was a gilded ship, and her commander was the pride of the line. He was a poet, influenced in style by Edgar Allan Poe and by Baudelaire, not only in style of verse, but in demeanor, the last no doubt inherent. His conversation was brilliant, but fantastic. As a raconteur his trend was morbid, melancholic, his humor saturnine—in other words, no ordinary man and a good sailor. On the evening of the disaster the liner ran into a dense fog. Deloncle was on the bridge, considering abstractedly no doubt new poetic themes while watching, waiting, guiding his immense vessel with her thousand odd passengers through the pall.

Suddenly out of the darkness, with out a sound, rushed a tall bark, which dealt her deathblow, and then stole away in the darkness toward a Canadian port, into which she crawled, like the murderer she was, some days later. La Bourgogne was sinking. The crew had gone mad and, assisted by the crazed coal passers and firemen thronging up from below, were stabbing and beating the passengers—men and women who ran about as senseless cattle run. Deloncle saw all this from the bridge, but he was powerless to do anything. Some of his officers had fought to suppress the panic at the cost no doubt of their lives; others were at the boats. Lower and lower went La Bourgogne. Her captain seems now to have abandoned himself to a mood of strange exaltation in the presence of death, for he seized the whistle rope, and while steam lasted his wild, wailing, roaring salute to death rocked over the heads of those who were drowning below him. And with this last salute Deloncle bade farewell to the face of the sea.

Captain Griffith of the Atlantic Transport line steamship Mohegan ran his vessel on the rocks near the Needles, in the English channel, in October, 1898, under conditions which, had he lived, would have justified capital punishment. It was not darker than twilight, landfalls were unshrouded, and yet the Mohegan, miles out of her course, went on the rocks and sank with most of her passengers. Griffith directed his crew from the bridge, without avail, however, as the work of lowering the boats was bungled atrociously. The last seen of him he was still on the bridge, shaking his fist and cursing the waters as they rose over the deck or the foundering crew or both.

Admiral Tryon, standing on the afterdeck of the British battleship Camperdown, had no thought other than dying with his great flagship as she sank in the Mediterranean off Tripoli after collision with the battleship Victoria. Tryon had given the signal calling for a maneuver within dangerous distance, and its disastrous ending placed him in such position that no doubt he deemed death a far simpler solution to the problems that must have flashed through his mind.

Inspired by the ethics of his profession and by the dignity of his office, Captain Tunis Augustus Craven of the monitor Tecumseh died in a way that will live as long as the history of this country lives. His monitor was one of the vessels attached to Admiral Farragut's squadron, then collected for the attack on Mobile. On the morning of Aug. 5, 1864, the Tecumseh, in the post of honor at the head of the attacking squadron, engaged the defenses of the city. The orders to fleet captains were that in order to avoid torpedoes at the entrance to the bay vessels must pass to the eastward of a certain red buoy, which was directly under the guns of Fort Morgan. The Confederate ram Tennessee was lying to port of the Tecumseh and inside the line of torpedoes. Captain Craven, in his eagerness to engage this craft, neglected the course warning and passed to the westward of the buoy. The penalty was immediate. There was a muffled explosion, the monitor listing sharply. As she began swiftly to sink Captain Craven and his pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret—a ladder of iron leading to a manhole above, to safety. The turret was nearly submerged. There would be time for one to mount the ladder perhaps, but only one. The pilot knew this; Craven knew it. There was no hesitation. With a smile Craven stepped away from the ladder.

"After you, pilot," he said. Collins sprang up the ladder, and as he gained the top round the vessel went to the bottom and Craven, the "Sydney of the American navy," with her.

In a humbler but wonderfully heroic way the captain of the oil ship Lodi, burned at sea several years ago, saw every man jack of his crew clear of the doomed ship before thinking of his own safety. Then it was too late. Foot by foot he was driven forward until he hung over the bow, the flames shooting far out above him. A tramp steamship came up. It was too rough to lower, and there she stayed, watching the unequal fight on the part of a man who could not know that human eyes were upon him and human hearts aching for him—stayed until at last the man relaxed and cleaved the dark waters, while his ship burned on.

There are many such as he—men who have fought the good fight and died calmly where they might have lived—whose names will never be known, whose deeds are enwrapped in that mystery which invests the sea. But, for that matter, it is not for glory that a captain sacrifices his comfort or happiness or life. It is only because his calling includes such things as a part of everyday routine.—Lawrence Perry in New York Post.

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